

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest my Lord?

Ham. I fir, to be honest as this world goes
Is to be one man pickt out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sunne breed maggots in a dead dogge, being a
good kissing carrion. Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sun, conception is a blessing,
But as your daughter may conceive, friend looke to't.

Pol. How say you by that? still harping on my daughter, yet he
knew me not at first, a said I was a fish-monger, a is far gone; and
truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love, very neare
this: Ile speake to him againe. What doe you read my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Pol. I meane the matter that you read my Lord:

Ham. Slanders fir: for the Satyricall Rogue saies here, that old
men have gray beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes
purging thicke Amber, and Plum-tree Gum, and that they have a
plentitull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which
fir though I most powerfully and potently beleieve, yet I hold it
not honestie to have it thus set downe, for your selfe fir shall grow
old, as I am, if like a crab you could goe backward.

Pol. Though this be madnesse, yet there is method in't, will
you walke out of the aire my Lord?

Ham. Into my grave.

Pol. Indeed that's out of the aire; how pregnant sometimes
his replies are? a happines that often madnes hits on, which rea-
son and sanctitie could not so happily be delivered of. I will leave
him and my daughter, My Lord I will take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot rake from me any thing that I will not more
willingly part withall, except my life except my life, except my
life.

Enter Guildensterne and Rosencram.

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Pol. You goe to seeke the Lord Hamlet, there he is.

Ros.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ros. God save your fir.

Guil. My honoured Lord.

Ros. My most deare Lord.

Ham. My excellent good friends, how dost thou *Guyldenstern*?

Ah Rosencraus, good lads how doe you both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guyl. Happy in that we are not ever happy on fortunes cap,

We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shooe.

Ros. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her wast, or in the middle of her fa-

Guyl. Faith her privates we. (vors.)

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune, oh most true, she is a strum-
pet. What newes?

Ros. None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest. (true.)

Ham. Then is Doomes-day neere: but your newes is not
But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elsenour*?

Ros. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am even poore in thanks, but I thank
you, and sure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfe-peny:
were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visita-
tion? come, come, deale justly with me, come, come, nay speake.

Guyl. What should we say my Lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to'th purpose, you were sent for, and there
is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have
not craft enough to colour: I know the good King and Queene
have sent for you.

Ros. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let me conjure you by the
rights of our fellowships, by the consonancy of our youth, by the
obligation of our ever preserved love, and by what more deare a
better proposer can charge you withall, bee even and direct with
me whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I have an eie of you, if you love me hold not off.

Guyl. My Lord we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation prevent your
discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moult no fea-
ther:

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